

"Show Me Your Dog? And I Can Tell You What You Are"

Mrs. Edward L. Barrett, Chairman of the Rochester Dog Protective Society, Explains How a Woman's Taste and Character Are Usually Reflected in the Kind of Dog She Selects

The Woman Who Loves the Great German Police Dog Is Big-Hearted, Generous, Dependable.

The Owner of a Collie Is the Old-Fashioned, Stocking-Darning, Home-and-Family Woman.

The Big, Imperious, Major-General-Sort-of-Wife Selects a Little Dog and Usually Picks an Undersized Husband.



In the Mistress of a Scottish Terrier You May Expect to Find a Woman of Dainty Discrimination and Exclusive Tastes.

If you're a woman and a bit of a hypocrite—and have a dog—there's a lady in the city of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Edward L. Barrett, chairman of the Rochester Dog Protective Society, who can read your hypocrisy like a book—provided you have a dog.

If you're a nagging wife and object to your husband's paper at the breakfast table and his bass voice all day long Mrs. Barrett can tell that you're a nagging wife, objecting to those qualities in your poor old husband which Nature herself provided him with. Mrs. Barrett can track down your last, piffing scolding of your husband and your last good-bye wail as he goes down the path to the office—provided you have a dog.

If you are of the great sisterhood of vain women, a-powdering of your nose and a-plucking of your eyebrows, a-raounging of your fingernails and a-clay-mud packing of your countenance, Mrs. Barrett can tell you that you're vain, conceited, loving of outward show, archly coy and coyly arch—if, perchance, once, not knowing, you gave away the combination to your inward hidden self by taking unto yourself some sort or make or breed of dog.

"By their dogs ye shall know them," says Mrs. Barrett. "Most any person can make some estimate of a woman by the husband she chooses to eat her breakfast with for the years till death, or its modern forestaller, divorce, do them part. But, bless you, when it comes to reading a woman's very innermost soul the husband of her bosom isn't half as dead a giveaway as the dog she elects to shed his hairs all over her best carpet, or the pup she leads by the long leash when she takes her walks abroad."

"First of all," says Mrs. Barrett, "look at your collie dog. Now tell me what kind of a woman has been mistress of the collie from the beginning of time. Why, of course, the mothers of men and the wives of men. The stocking darning, pie-baking, rug-braiding, butter-churning domestic, thorough going housewives and comforters among the female sex. Show me a collie—and if he belongs to a woman, and that woman has chosen him for her own, I'll show you a woman who isn't afraid to tie up her little boy's hand when he comes home after the accident with his poor little red blood all dripping from the place where the tiny fist got cut against the neighbor's newly sharpened lawn mower.

"The patient Flanders mares of women; the broad bosomed, capacioushipped, won't blow away in the first hurricane sort of woman is the woman who chooses the collie to be her own best dog.

For the Russian wolfhound, beautiful, classic, simpering beauty of canine creation; for the little dogs and the swift hunting hounds and the out-bounding snappy Peking and Prince Charles; for the little bundles of languid fluff nestling in languorous laps, Mrs. Barrett has her tags all ready.

"The Russian wolfhound always belongs to a self-conscious beauty or near beauty," says Mrs. Barrett. "The woman who—herself—elects to be the mistress of a Russian wolfhound does it with an ulterior purpose.

"Such a woman is probably after a man. No woman who wants a good dog to love and comfort ever took this lank shoe string of a silly haired white fluff of a dog to her heart from pure affection. She had a hidden purpose. This dog is the dog of a moody woman who roams, seeking the will of the wisp of her affections."

Now Mrs. Barrett has her philosophy of the small dog.

"More little dogs of the spaniel type belong to oozing, luscious, unctious ladies of generous proportions than to the lank limousine lizards of beauties about town," says Mrs. Barrett. "The idle fat woman likes the petulance of the little Prince Charlie, curly, barkish, tempest in a tea pot canine.

"The fat woman of this type, again, is never earnest about anything; therefore she likes something that will be earnest—to wit, the little dog, who barks sincerely, but never disagrees with her."

Like master, like dog, says Mrs. Barrett, is the rule in most cases. But, says she, from her life-long association with dogs and men, she has exploded two or three venerable, mossy grown, ancient ones. That most ancient of all, for example: "Good to his dog," that one runs, "he surely beats his wife."

"Take the hound dog, for instance. They are used mostly for hunting. Approach one of these dogs. They run, mostly, and hide under the table, their tail between their legs. What does that mean? Cruel master. Cruel training.

"The hound owner is the wife beater, among husbands. The hound owner, many times, is the man who cheats at cards. Few women own hounds. This

If She Is Devoted to a Russian Wolfhound She Is Out to Get a Man, as a Rule, and Cares Very Little About the Dog Itself.

dog is the canine who, strikingly, portrays and betrays the failings of his master.

"Take your Irish terrier, gain. Your little, wiry-haired, shrill-barking, perky-eared, snapping at all the world but his mistress sort of dog. Show me this small beastie and I'll show you an active, energetic clubwoman. I'll show you a woman who requires precise loyalty from her dog and from her husband.

"Now, John. You took that little Kitty Jones to dinner. You are at liberty to take your stenographer to dinner for the rest of your natural life—and hers—if you wish to. But, John, I'll just say this pleasantly to you and be done: 'I'll never mention the subject again after to-night. But if I ever hear of your dining with little Kitty Jones again—I'll just go home to mother. Because, you see, while I'm living with you I'm not going to have you making a fool of me with the neighbors.'

"This is just about the way the woman who has chosen an Irish terrier manages her husband. Such a woman demands a singleness of affection in man or beast. The Boston terrier belongs to the woman who has a celibate disposition. She may be married at that, but, despite the fact, she would have made a fine trained nurse, or an excellent school-teacher. She is thorough, and she knows a good thing when she sees it. She prefers quality to beauty.

"The French poodle will, generally seek out the mother to be her ally among all the women of the family. But if, again, Aunt Sarah is more given to the little coddling attentions, to children and animals, then dear mamma, if mamma, on the other hand, is more devoted to teas and politics, then the French poodle will align itself with Aunt Sarah.

"Police dogs were hardly heard of in this country till the war. But since the war they have sprung up in our country increasingly. And now show me the woman who glowed with fervor of war knitting and special aid and Red Cross activities. The woman, whoever she is, who owns one of these superb creatures is always there in a pinch. She is

generous, and she has imagination. As she was in the crisis of the war, so would she be in crisis of any kind—right there, and no hysterics.

"Unlike the broad-minded, big-hearted woman who loves a St. Bernard, collie or a police dog, the woman who lavishes her affection on the rather contemptible, trembling, sore-eyed poodle betrays usually her smallness of being.

"The woman who wears a Hula Hula costume, not because it is lovely, but because it is novel, is the woman who takes unto herself a Chow dog. This woman likes the futurist art; she bobs her hair at present. Extreme—is the Chow's mistress; loving the unique, beyond reason, and past logic.

"Show me the woman who in this day of grace owns a pug dog and I will show you the woman who loves the old things. The woman to-day who so unmoderately possesses the fast-vanishing pug is the woman who has hidden away in her top drawer, boxed and cherished, that dress with the leg-o-mutton sleeves which she wore the day she became a sweet girl graduate. And, also, she has saved her love for old things enough to be the mistress of that ugly, little sensible, ludicrous joke of a dog—the pug.

"The St. Bernard is the dog of the woman of the generous heart and soul and imagination. The St. Bernard is the dog of the woman who is the applause of strangers on a bathing beach; she may never have jumped her horse across six bars, but where the roads run long into the country and the hill winds sweep sweet over wide acres this woman, with the huge dog she adores, tramps or rides—side saddle, never astride, and with her

generous, and she has imagination. As she was in the crisis of the war, so would she be in crisis of any kind—right there, and no hysterics.

"Unlike the broad-minded, big-hearted woman who loves a St. Bernard, collie or a police dog, the woman who lavishes her affection on the rather contemptible, trembling, sore-eyed poodle betrays usually her smallness of being.

"The woman who wears a Hula Hula costume, not because it is lovely, but because it is novel, is the woman who takes unto herself a Chow dog. This woman likes the futurist art; she bobs her hair at present. Extreme—is the Chow's mistress; loving the unique, beyond reason, and past logic.

"Show me the woman who in this day of grace owns a pug dog and I will show you the woman who loves the old things. The woman to-day who so unmoderately possesses the fast-vanishing pug is the woman who has hidden away in her top drawer, boxed and cherished, that dress with the leg-o-mutton sleeves which she wore the day she became a sweet girl graduate. And, also, she has saved her love for old things enough to be the mistress of that ugly, little sensible, ludicrous joke of a dog—the pug.

"The St. Bernard is the dog of the woman of the generous heart and soul and imagination. The St. Bernard is the dog of the woman who is the applause of strangers on a bathing beach; she may never have jumped her horse across six bars, but where the roads run long into the country and the hill winds sweep sweet over wide acres this woman, with the huge dog she adores, tramps or rides—side saddle, never astride, and with her

goes her St. Bernard dog of the great open country.

"The fox terrier, the Skye terrier, both belong to women of a different complexion. For the woman who owns either of these smaller dogs likes a companion, not too large nor yet too small. Such a woman craves company—and the two terriers just supply the sociable need of her soul. The woman who chooses these is sensible and practical, and not over feminine. She's no amazon, and she knows enough about dogs to scratch them behind the ears in the right place, and enough about men to rub 'em the right way.

"The Scottish terrier is another animal and another terrier entirely. This dog, to be sure, is rare in our country. In England they are more common. But it has been proved again and again that the woman whose dog is a Scottish terrier is a woman who is devoted to the exclusive. She imports her terrier, as she does her Paris hat, so she may have something all the other women do not have. She loves her dog as she loves her husband, more because each is a costly specimen of dog or man than for sheer affection.

"Now," and Mrs. Barrett smiles, the assured smile of the connoisseur, "now, among all women, I have always particularly liked the mistress of the Airedale. For she is the brisk woman who can do a number of things well. Brisk, like her dog. She may be a millionaire sportswoman who can outplay half the champions at tennis, or, again, she may be the young college woman who has just won her doctor's degree for the very learned essay on the futuristic uses in the Greek grammar of the aoristic particle 'an'.

"On the other hand, the Pomeranian, with its small head and flapping ears and long silky red hair, is an old lady's dog. He's a dog that needs to be interpreted through the fond eyes of extreme love. Such an affection, totally regardless of the worth of the object, do grandmothers bring to their favorite grandsons and their pet Poms.

"This, in short, is a bit of the wisdom a lifetime's observation has taught me as to women from looking at their dogs. There are, of course, generalizations.

"Good to your dog, good to your husband; good to your little boys and girls. That's an unflinching axiom. Show me the dog who has his bath regularly, when he needs it, and I'll show you the small son and daughter who are sent regularly to school and Sunday school; whose stockings are all darned nicely, and whose buttons are well sewed on to their small rompers.

"Take your mongrels. The woman who can't appreciate a nice, lively cross between a Police and an ordinary 'yeller dawg,' is the woman without a sense of humor and an appreciation of the fine, alert qualities in a crossed dog."

Yes, there's a philosophy of the canine which Mrs. Barrett has settled with precision. Summing it all up, in one short sentence, "Choose for your friend the woman who has shown wisdom when she chose her dog. But—look out for the woman who wouldn't be bothered with a dog. For she's often the wife who, also, wouldn't be bothered with a baby."



Show me the owner of an Irish terrier and I will show you an active, energetic club woman, a woman who requires precise loyalty from her dog and from her husband.